Makes ſpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

*Demet.* I will not ſtay thy queſtions. Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe, in the wood.

*Hel.* I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me miſchiefe. Fy *Demetrius.*
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue ſo well.

*Ob.* Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this groue
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

*Enter* Pucke.

*Puck.* I, there it is.

*Ob.* I pray thee giue it mee.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muſke roſes, and with Eglantine:
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue:
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Ladie. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prooue

Mo



More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her lo
And looke thou meete me ere the firſt C

*Pu.* Feare not my Lord: your ſeruant ſ

*Enter* Tytania *Queene of Fairies, wi*

*Quee.* Come, now a Roundell, and a Fa
Then, for the third part of a minute hen
Some to kill cankers in the muſk roſe b
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their let
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſom
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hoot
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now a ſle
Then to your offices, and let mee reſt.

*Fairies ſing.*

You ſpotted Snakes, with doubl
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſee
Newts and blindewormes do no
Come not neere our Fairy Quee
*Philomele*, with melody,
Sing in our ſweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lu
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor char
Come our louely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

1. *Fai.* Weauing Spiders come
Hence you long legd Spinners, h
Beetles blacke approach not nee
Worme nor ſnaile doe no offence
*Philomele* with melody, &c.

2. *Fai.* Hence away: now all is
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

*Enter* Oberon

*Ob.* What thou ſeeſt, when thou doeſt
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,



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